

Gossip About Plays, Players and Playhouses

WHATEVER faith may be put in announcements justifies the belief that the coming season of the theater will be intensely joyous. Mighty little attention is to be paid to the sober side of things, and away from the houses where the thriller teaches its moral lesson by indirection, the energy of the manager is to be directed to increasing the gaiety of the world. Only a very few serious minded plays have been proposed for production during the coming season, but a veritable cloud of comedies of all grades and musical affairs even more numerous than ever before impend. Some of these latter seem to be like the chorus girls who appear in them; they never die, but go on and on forever, perennially refreshing themselves and offering a semblance of novelty, though they have it not. The new plays of this sort are built on the flimsiest of pretenses; the sonnet written by Shakespeare's lover, "to his lady's eyebrow" was a deep, didactical disquisition, in comparison to the discussions apropos of absolutely nothing put forth by the librettist of the modern musical comedy, and, for that matter, the average modern comedy. By average is meant the great run. Now and then some one of the authors flies away at a tangent and we are treated to a play that is out of the groove. But not often. They have found out what pleases and are proceeding to tickle public fancy to the limit.

It was thought that the success of Charles Klein's venture in the fields of sociology might lead to others trying in the same direction, but up to the present time the result is not encouraging. The success of the Klein piece is due undoubtedly to its reality; the fact that John Burckett Ryder, the richest man in the world and the absolute dictator of the business and politics of the United States, is thwarted and defeated by a slip of a girl, pleases the popular mind just as the story of "Jack the Giant Killer" does the immature but imaginative child. The probabilities are in favor of the proposition, that, given the conditions described in the old nursery story, Jack would have been served as a dainty tidbit at the next meal partaken of by the first giant he encountered. And so with Shirley Rosemore. A girl, no better equipped than she appears to be, judging from the Klein portrayal of her character, would have lasted about as long as a well-pick your own simile for the extreme of suddenness, and you'll approximate her extinction by the act of the end was just what the folks who do not happen to be millions, but are the like wanted, and so the piece has been a tremendous success from San Francisco to London and back again. It was hoped that out of all this some rational discussion of the propositions involved might come, but not yet.

It is threatened that "The Jungle" will be offered in dramatic form, to the end that another picture of the condition of the submerged millions may be had. The difficulty with the Sinclair work is that its author, like the writers of the "Jungle" always allow stubborn facts to stand in the way of a well turned paragraph, and, as his characters are fictitious, so many of his incidents, and among these the most sensational and pathetic he describes, are made of whole cloth. This is the difficulty with the majority of the writers of the Sinclair school. It has come to this that the "still, small voice" can no longer draw a congregation, and the man who attracts attention must shriek, either in the market place or the synagogue. And in the present state of civilization, the people are showing proclivities that strongly support the Darwinian theory. Man's Simian origin was never better evinced than during the last two or three years. One form of hysteria has succeeded another, and none has yet resulted in anything that is all likely to be of permanent use. It is only as an indication of the widespread dissatisfaction with existing conditions that the social turmoil is of any immediate service.

Thoughtful friends of humanity still look cheerfully to the future, firm in the optimistic hope that coming years will bring the needed change in human nature to make possible the realization of the dreams that have occupied the minds of the intelligent man. Altruistic endeavor has never been in vain, although it may have so appeared at times, and it is susceptible of proof that the world is growing better. Serious sociological discussion, both on and off the stage, is bound to have the public attention and will be given careful consideration from now on. This being so, the man who writes a play to fit the condition will reap a reward that will be far beyond that garnered by the men who have approached the problem and then shied.

New Tragedy by Souchen.
L'Ancestral Theater de la Nature: The Ancient Theater of Nature was opened last year by the actor Albert Darmon on a hill of Champlain, not far from Paris. His idea seemed to unite with the enjoyment of the drama the full enjoyment of the spring in the sun and the open air. The actor-manager has begun the performances this year with a poetical tragedy of Paul Souchen, called "The New God."

Paul Souchen is a son of Provence, that fair land of France that baas in the golden sun whilst its golden shores are kissed by the lapping waves of the azure sea. No wonder that its children are distinguished by joy and beauty.

For Paul Souchen joy and beauty are but the highest and most legitimate expression of life itself. He regrets paganism, which for him means a time when the rapture of the senses reigned supreme in full enjoyment of wonderful forms and wonderful coloring. He thinks of all the gods who have been robbed of their altars and denied the incense due them, of his sister, chaste Diana, of wise Minerva and of voluptuous Venus. The reign is finished forever and another reign has begun. The author is convinced, however, that this reign of sadness is about to pass forever and that the generations to come will be rich in the joys denied to us.

In "The New God" his theories are poetically illustrated. Apollo, with the nine muses, weeps and groans on the golden shores of Provence after he has fled from Greece, invaded by barbarians who have seized the throne of his Olympean game. He thinks of all the gods who have been robbed of their altars and denied the incense due them, of his sister, chaste Diana, of wise Minerva and of voluptuous Venus. The reign is finished forever and another reign has begun. The author is convinced, however, that this reign of sadness is about to pass forever and that the generations to come will be rich in the joys denied to us.

Paul Souchen just as firmly is convinced that Christianity makes war upon love, crushing it mercilessly beneath its heel, looking upon beauty as a misfortune and upon joy as a crime. He thinks that Christianity wronged humanity by making sorrow and suffering the aim of existence and by making death alone the gate to full joy. The author is convinced, however, that this reign of sadness is about to pass forever and that the generations to come will be rich in the joys denied to us.

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he withdraws by the rocks, accompanied by the muses. The new arrivals are Mary Magdalen and Lazarus, who have come back to life, and in a boat have come from Palestine to France. This idea, which would seem appalling to an American, does not startle the French, who are familiar with a legend which the people of Provence consider plain history and solemn truth. This legend tells how the mother of the apostles John and James, their negro servant Sarah, Lazarus, Martha and Mary Magdalen all fled from the persecutions in the holy land and found refuge in Provence.

Mary Magdalen, consumed by an ardent faith, wishes to destroy all the pagan monuments and to bury the gods of the Greeks and Romans forever under their ruins. Apollo, hearing her intentions, comes forth from his hiding place and an argument arises between the exiled Christian and the exiled pagan god.

Mary Magdalen praises the beauty of Christ, the softness of His hands, the ineffable goodness of the Messiah, who stooped to save sinning women.

But Apollo replies: "Christ is the God of Grief; for Him joy is a sin and love a crime. What does this poet of death come to proclaim in this gentle, beautiful Provence?" Mary Magdalen and Lazarus leave Apollo after having shown him a cross of wood. The poet of the night they appear surprised, thinks this the cross upon which he crucified the shepherd, Marianne, and therefore trembles with fear. Clio tries to cheer him up and encourages him to go to Arles and meet the messenger of Christ in a fair struggle.

Meanwhile Lazarus has gone to Arles and fights in the cause of the new god. Mary Magdalen, under the impulse of a still undefined feeling, retraces her steps and returns to the spot where Apollo first came to her. A thousand confused thoughts fill her mind, but she is so tired, poor Mary Magdalen, that she lies down on the grass and soon falls in a deep sleep.

Clio, Thalia and Melphomene take pity on her and in order to protect her from the chill of the night they cover her with their veils. When Mary Magdalen awakens she thanks Clio for such courtesy. Clio is keen and soon finds out that Apollo has made a decided impression on Mary Magdalen's heart and mind.

Lazarus, after a victory in Arles, where he has destroyed the ancient gods, arrives, accompanied by a horde of fishermen and shepherds. He wishes them to complete their victory by destroying the nine muses, but Mary Magdalen beseeches him to spare since they have committed no crime beyond worshipping music, dances, poetry, and even love.

"We are Christians, not murderers!" she exclaimed.

Soon after, when the Christians in their fury proceed to crucify Apollo, Mary Magdalen beseeches them to let him live, and thus saves him.

She is profoundly moved by the presence of Apollo just as she was moved by the presence of Christ. His face is so beautiful, his hands so soft, his caresses so thrilling.

Paul Souchen does not make Mary Magdalen confess it outright, but we are led to believe that all gods appeal to her when they are young and good looking. She begs Apollo to remain on the Riviera, and holds out as an inducement that she will take him to Nice and Monte Carlo.

Apollo, however, is inflexible. He withdraws to his own sphere. But before leaving he commands the muses to disappear, "to mingle with immense and fruitful nature." He foresees and longs for the day when he will come back to his own, the day when the new god of sorrow and coldness will no longer rule the souls of men.

"The New God" is not a real tragedy, it is a dramatic poem with good lines, certain movement, and perhaps also some strength. Several scenes were legitimately successful, and the interpretation of the character of Apollo given by Darmon was essentially satisfactory. The stage setting, with the slope of the hill covered by flowery bushes all lit up by the rays of the setting sun, was pleasing.

It hardly is probable that an American public would be reconciled to the incongruities of Paul Souchen's comedy, but that Americans would sympathize with his antagonism to the Christian faith. The

Music and Musical Notes

HAVE just come in from a four hours' first acquaintance with the Congressional library. It is indeed a wonderful and beautiful building. Having been designed and executed entirely by American talent and genius it appears peculiarly to one's patriotic eye.

In an article not long ago La Forge said that the time had come for Americans to undertake entirely their own work in mural fields; that there are men now developing in our country who need opportunity to bring their efforts to full flower. The library gives one a chance to view and absorb the style of many of these artists. In the entrance pavilion of the south hall H. O. Walker has a series of eight paintings, wonderfully soft and beautiful in color, and most poetic in conception. "The Muses of Lyric Poetry" occupies the large space at the end of the hall. The central figure is a woman, an idealization of the muse, striking her lyre and crowned with a wreath of laurel. Around her are Pallas, Beauty and Mirth; Pallas with arch and eyes and truth and Deity; Beauty with roses in her hair; Mirth with a cornucopia of her tone and harmonious treatment. The Poets Boys, six in number, which occupy the side walls, one could look at all day. Such delicate, dreamy, enchanted boys. I hope that the men who created them can "lean out from the gold bar of heaven" and behold them. I particularly liked Wordsworth's "The Boy of Winander" and Adonis, the young hunter loved by Venus. Then, of course, there is the John W. Alexander's "Evolution of the Muse." His work is crisp (if such an expression may be used) than Mr. Walker's; cleaner cut in conception, but just as interesting. His subject is practical in a way. He has carried out that spirit in his treatment. His sense of form is very satisfying and his color firm. The series is one of the most interesting in the building.

In the north curtain corridor is Edward Simmons' series called "The Muses." How he riots in flowery draperies and color! His imagination is bursting with riches—Malpensa, the Muse of Tragedy, is a figure not easily forgotten. There is one picture called "Religion" among the Piers paintings which is particularly appealing—a youth and a maiden kneel before an altar of rough stones upon which a fire burns. The spirit of the picture is splendid, and in treatment it is most satisfactory.

Who can say enough of Eliza Vedder's "Mosaic Minerva"? It stands at the head of the staircase fairly taking away people's breath with its dignified Vedderish beauty. For, for more time to worship before it!

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teaching of the Puritans, which forbade earthly joy, considering it a foe to salvation, is a thing of the past. Modern Christianity does not stand for repression, and does not oppose the pursuit of pleasure within legitimate bounds. Still the play is an interesting experiment, and, especially for its open air setting, decidedly worthy of notice.

Where Celebrities Fall.
The hit which Pincus, a fat newboy, has just made in an extravaganza in New York, in which he simply plays himself, draws attention to the fact that, although an authority on the least weight than Shakespeare advised players to hold the mirror up to nature, few actors really have succeeded who have played themselves.

To play one's self successfully, of course, presupposes that there is something of worth or interest to be played. Managers who know well the value of the addition to one of their companies of a well advertised celebrity time out of mind have been placing upon the stage pugilists, divorcees and other persons whose activities outside the drama have made their names familiar to the public. The manager reasons about like this:

"The people know all about So-and-so. It would cost me thousands of dollars to make any one else even half as widely known. By paying the celebrity a big salary I will get my money back many times over from the curious who want to see what the celebrity is like."

In all but unusual cases the celebrity merely is a stick in the eye of the audience. All that is demanded of him or her is that an appearance be made upon the stage. "John, the Orangeman," familiar to every man who ever attended Harvard, was placed in the drama, "Brown in Harvard," and was greeted with great applause. He had been advertised heavily. But to show how carefully the line must be drawn it must be remembered that when John led a Harvard cheer the Harvard men in the audience sat silent as stones. They had applauded John on his entrance, but they refused to applaud him when he was trying to lead a cheer.

Pincus was a newboy in front of a New York theater, and was in as tough as any newboy can be and remain within the law. He appeared as himself in the illustrated "Fris in the Evening Mail," and he is coming success as himself in another musical play. The Cherry sisters played themselves with great effect. They performed so successfully that when their tour of the vaudeville houses was ended they had made enough money to go back to Iowa and invest in almost any old farm that looked good to them.

Edward Harrigan of the old Harrigan and Hart team was trotted out a few seasons ago to play himself after a long period of retirement. There was selected for him one of the old Harrigan and Hart successes. It failed to hit the advanced taste of today's theater-goers, although later Mr. Harrigan re-established himself as a star of some merit.

James J. Corbett is the man who presently played himself with success. He was placed in the drama merely as a prize fighter. He drew large money for W. A. Brady, Grace George's husband, who had the sagacity to put him on the stage. But he refused to be a walking-stick. He went from "Gladiator" to "The Sign," and other melodramas into musical comedy and thence into vaudeville, where he does an act that is so cleverly put together and so well rendered that it would command big money even though Corbett had not his prize ring fame to fall back on.

Scotty the Spaniard, who made a stir some months ago by spending a lot of money in a short time, played himself in a wild melodrama called "Scotty; or, the King of the Desert Mine." He was fierce. The luckless Evelyn Nesbit was placed upon the stage to play herself. It was thought that her marvellous beauty would help her out. It didn't. She opted her

The program which begins the new week at the Bijou theater with two performances today promises to be the best yet presented at this popular playhouse. The stock company will be seen in an elaborate production of "The Boy of Killarney," an adaptation from the romantic Irish drama, "Kathleen Mavourneen." The play is in three scenes. Fred Truesdell has the leading role of Terry, and his fine voice will be heard in several typical Irish songs. H. Walter Van Dyke, Will O'Donnell, Rodney Durkee, E. O. Royce, Bertie May and Pauline Courtney have prominent parts in the drama.

The Bell trio and Little Mildred are two of the feature acts which head the vaudeville act. Little Mildred, who by the way, is an Omaha young woman, gives a novel play called "A Dream of Japan," during which she does four changes of costume and introduces a number of songs and dances.

The Clarence sisters, soubrettes, who can sing and dance, George Donnelly, the comedy juggler, Pauline Courtney and the Bijou motion pictures complete the bill. Miss Courtney will sing "Boy Days" and "Not Because Your Hair is Curly," both songs being illustrated by beautiful stereoscopic slides.

A concert is given each evening in the Bijou garden at 7:30. Bargain matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday, with souvenirs at the Wednesday matinee.

Gossip from Stangeland.
Frank L. Perley, it is said, has abandoned theatrical affairs in order to become a banker.

Herbert Standing has been engaged to support the Ruritanian new play, "Barbara's Millions," next season. Ethel Fuller will be one of the Shubert stars next season. A play of the Shubert type will be secured for her.

Walter N. Lawrence has engaged Herbert Percy as leading man to support Hilda Spong in "Lady Jim." The new three-act comedy which he will produce later in August will be well remembered in this country.

Amusements.
The whole of the library is a joy, with the exception of the mosaic decoration of the hall dome, which seems lurid and out of keeping somehow. It stands apart in my memory from the rest of the building. No doubt there is a theory, and a good one, for it.

Books? I didn't look at a book! I have but bowed as yet to the busts and its beauties. One would need months to absorb it all, but when time is limited to hours, the best must be made of briefness. The Capitol and White House are being cleaned by innumerable smiling dorkies. This hotel is mostly done up in mosquito netting.

Mount Vernon is in its glory, and if you have faithfully read these columns will know the calm, restful gladness which I know during the day I spent there. In a dream I slept in the blue hotel guest room, I drove to a ball in the great coach with four white horses, I called on Martha Washington walking about attending to the business of housekeeping—in those days what an art it was—and the general riding over his broad acres.

In faith, Washington in the summer time, with a "cool spell" on, is not at all a bad place to be.

Alas! there is no music here! Your indulgence for one week, please.

MARY LEARNED, The Shoreham, Washington, D. C.

and had no noise, and absolutely no dramatic sense. Her manager reluctantly let her go.

Maxine Elliott got her chance on the stage because she was so beautiful. So long as she merely was a walking horse for fine clothes she was a failure. She triumphed over her limitations, however, developed versatility and became a good actress.

The list of those celebrities who have been forced to the footlights merely because they have been connected with some sensation and who have failed lamentably speaks well for the acumen of comedians who have refused to be bunched. Miss Patterson, who had been a chorus girl, went into vaudeville for \$1,000 a week after she got out of jail. She opened in a small town in Pennsylvania and was so bad that the audience started what looked like a riot. She lasted on the stage only a little while.

Florence Burns, who had been connected with an earlier sensation in New York, also failed. Tod Sloan failed, too. Terry McGovern might have been a good actor had anybody been able to hear him three rows from the front. Jimmie Britt, who had all the confidence of brains and a coupled with considerable brains and a good manner, succeeded in melodrama and now has aspirations looking toward a vaudeville sketch. Bob Fitzsimmons was hopeless, although his wife, who was a fairly clever actress, coached him eagerly. He could make horseflops on the stage, but that let him out.

John L. Sullivan's experiments with the drama are too painful to think about, and in all in the rule seems to be that a celebrity that can only play himself might as well stay where he is. He can get the money for a little while, but he has no bowing acquaintance with art.

Coming Events.
In his new play, "Behind the Mask," Edmund Day has found a new way of exploiting the aggressive commercial instinct. With the methods of the modern trusts as his pattern he has forced a score or more of Denver's leading society and business men into a syndicate of crime. This syndicate has organized the best criminal talent in the country for various nefarious purposes and operate after the manner of the up-to-date business corporation. All of the plans are made by the board of directors, who are men in touch with business and are in a position to know where and when a good haul can be made, either in holding up a train or robbing a bank.

The cleverest men of the various branches of the profession are selected to do the actual work and given plans and instructions as to the manner in which it is to be carried out. The men who manipulate this criminal trust do not know who their own associates are, as all are masks at their meetings. The play is a masterpiece of the modern drama. It is a perfect cast and production. "Behind the Mask" is the opening attraction at the Krug theater, Sunday and Wednesday matinees.

A stirring drama of life in the early '80s entitled "At Cripple Creek" will be presented at the Krug theater, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday matinees. This piece is by the noted playwright, Hal Reid, and is conceded to be the best work of its author. The scenes in the play are laid in the far west in a mining camp among the Rockies and many novel effects and striking situations are carried out in production. The third act in particular is worthy of notice, as it is the heaviest ever carried on the road for a drama. The story of "At Cripple Creek" is a powerful one rich in tender human interest, bright with comedy and unfolded with the utmost skill.

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connection with William Gillette, Amelia Bingham and Ethel Barrymore. He appeared last with Miss Barrymore at Arthur Brinton's in "Sunday."

William and Cecil De Mille have finished the all-Indian drama, the scene of which is laid in the time before the first white man.

George Cohan personally directs the rehearsals of all his plays. This season he will have three that have had long runs before the public.

Now Viola Allen denies the report that she is to leave the stage. She says it is her purpose to continue in the role of "The New York Idea" which she is playing at the Lyceum.

"Lady Macbeth," one of George Edwards' most successful London musical productions, will be one of the features on the Shuberts' list of attractions.

Edna Fay will assume the role formerly played by Alice Fischer and Stella Mayhew in "Coming Thru the Rye," and will be jointly featured with Frank Labor.

It is reported that Edna Fay has been engaged for the principal role in a revue which will be produced at the Folies Bergere, Paris, about the middle of December. "Sherlock Holmes" is to be presented in French this autumn at the Ambigu theater in Paris. "Peter Pan" is among the plays that are to be tried in Australia.

Janet Priest has abandoned her vaudeville career, and "Peter Pan" is among the plays that are to be tried in Australia.

Bertha Kalich is to appear in a new drama of which the title has not been given. "The New York Idea" will begin later in the autumn.

The late Paul Lederger Ford's story, "Wanted, a Chaperon," is being adapted for stage use by George Hamilton, and will be produced in the autumn, with Violet Houck in the leading role.

Amusements.
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Sunday Matinees, 10c, 25c, 50c. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees all seats 50c.
Two Nights and Wednesday Mat.
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The Great Comedy Drama
Behind the Mask
A Play of the Golden West
By Edmund Day
A clean play brimful of good comedy and deeply interesting.
Direction Stair & Nicolai.
Be One of the First Nighters
3 Nights and Sat. Mat. starting Thursday Night, AUG. 23
E. J. CARPENTER OFFERS
The Great Western Play
AT CRIPPLE CREEK
An Interesting Story of Life in the Famous Colorado Gold Camp
FOUR EXCITING ACTS
Original Cast and Equipments
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Great Singing Act
LITTLE MILDRED
The dainty Comedienne in
"A Dream of Japan."
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"THE BOY OF KILLARNEY"
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At 3 p. m. and 7 p. m.
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AT 5:30 P. M.
WAR BALLOON
Accompanying Signal Service
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DURING THE EVENING A
BIG FIRE BALLOON
WILL BE SENT UP
All street car lines transfer to and from Krug Park.

AMUSEMENTS.
BURWOOD
GRAND OPENING
SATURDAY EVE., AUG. 25
THE LINDA STOCK CO.
PRESENTING THE CHARITY BALL
SEASON TICKETS ON SALE TOMORROW
25c Tickets \$10.00
50c Tickets \$20.00
10c Tickets \$4.00
REGULAR SALE, AUGUST 23
PRICES—Nights, Sunday Matinees 10c and 25c
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TICKETS FOR OPENING PERFORMANCE CAN BE PURCHASED MONDAY.

AMUSEMENTS.
TABLE D'HOTE DINNER
Sunday 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m.
40c and 50c
At the CHESAPEAKE
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SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1867. DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President.
College Building, 202 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Forty years of artistic achievement under the personal direction of its Founder and President, Dr. F. Ziegfeld, has made the College one of the vigorous educational forces of America.

Offers facilities unsurpassed in America or Europe. Has the strongest faculty ever assembled in a school of musical learning. Investigation will demonstrate the superiority of this institution.

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